

## Chapter Twenty-one: The Hollywood Connection

### Michael Jackson

Michael Jackson was just a little boy of four or five when I accompanied Bob Hope to a place where they were filming up-and-coming talent for television. Bob told me he supported and sponsored the Jacksons, getting them a professional foot in the door. Their father brought the boys in and I remembered seeing them taken into a side room where bright lights were on. They all had to drop their pants and before their performance a big man raped each one of them in a lineup. Then they were taken to a different room and dressed in little suits and sent onto the stage to perform. Due to the mind control I was under, I'm not sure exactly where we were, but feel that it was the early days of the Ed Sullivan Show. I watched as Bob, dressed in a grey pinstripe suit and bow tie, with white shoes, shook hands with Ed; and then the Jackson boys went on. They were made into a sensation and famous, on purpose, so that they could be used in the future to influence large audiences. Bob and his connections knew that all they needed was some talent, make-up, costumes, lights, glitter and lots of publicity. He said publicity was the most important ingredient.

I was just a teenager and Bob said that he wanted me to be present so I could learn the ropes to being a "starlet." He wanted me to see how it was done and feel comfortable around the stage. I think he just said that as a cover to other people to hide the real reason I was with him - for his and others sexual pleasure.

Bob explained to me how important clothes are to one with a public image to uphold. I had on a short, small, tight-fitting, low-cut, yellow, sheath dress. I did as I was told and wore it along with the gold high heels I was provided.

Bob was often the connection for new entertainment. The

Brice Taylor - Thanks for the Memories

Council used his connections for their own interest and got 'key' entertainers in place for future use. Many were robots like me. I saw many of them get hurt. I never saw Bob get hurt though. The Jacksons were hurt; I was witness to their abuse. That first time when they performed, Bob got them onto the show and then we left in the limo and watched from the television inside. He told the driver to drive around until the show was over. Then Bob told me, "See how easy it is to be a star?" And he laughed and pushed my head into his lap for oral sex.

I think most would agree that the inherent love that is part of Michael Jackson's soul essence shines through for the world to see. In spite of the programming themes in some of the songs he sings, as I was recovering I often held onto the words he sang, the lyrics reminding me, "You are not alone," when I felt so very alone. To Michael, I extend a hand and say you also are not alone. Now there is a way out of this insanity.

## Neil Diamond and Others

Publicly, Neil Diamond and Bob golfed together in the Springs. That's how I got connected to him. As a teenager, I was programmed to serve Neil Diamond in different capacities for many years. He was not violent like some of the others, but he didn't have any morals.

One day when I was a young teenager, Neil walked though the breezeway into our backyard to the pool where I was tanning in my bikini. My father got very angry and told him, "Get the hell out of here!"

Neil replied, "Take it easy, Pops. No one knows I'm here. Just Relax." But he did leave after he kissed me on the cheek and ran his hands through my hair. He said he just needed to see me for

"inspiration" and then he left. Neil always said I was his inspiration and after we'd have sex I'd whisper programmed phrases in his ear to incorporate into his songs or phrases for program lock-in or, as our controllers said, "to move the targeted generation up another notch."

When I was with Neil I felt merged with him. I didn't know who I was, where I ended and he began. I was programmed to magnify his essence so he could feel and see more of who he was. I was used often to contain Neil, to bring him back to himself and bring his "self" back to him when he felt he gave it all away to crowds and audiences. Over time I witnessed this being a problem for a lot of programmed stars. I was sent to do this service for other celeb's, both male and female, who needed to bounce off another person in order to maintain their programmed "selves." They got lost at times and I was programmed to help them.

I suntanned with him in the nude and like a protective Jewish mother, he always made sure I had lots of suntan lotion on, especially in crucial spots so I wouldn't burn. He didn't have neighbors and his home was located up on a hill in Malibu or the Santa Monica Mountains, so it was very secluded. They could have tricked me in regard to the location of his house, but I know I had to drive through the canyon to get there. He was building a new home and when the deck was stable enough to hold us we had sex outside. As we looked upward toward the night sky, he named all the stars on my list "to do." The list was lettered not numbered, such as, "(A) Barbra: Tuesday and Thursday 3:30 p.m. (B) Carlo Sangucci: 7:00 p.m...." and he continued inputting my schedule for the week. He gave me instructions to keep my schedule organized. If he ever missed me for the week, I couldn't function because I hadn't received my local assignments. For this reason, Neil and I were very regular with each other. In my late teens, I visited with him nearly every week. And, when I was with him I delivered lyrical words or phrases for songs to him after sex. When we were in our programmed "cozy" state, he'd say,

"give me sugar," and I'd unload all I had been given into him and<sup>192</sup> later it would show up over and over in his songs. Privately, he would attribute it only to my being his undying inspiration. I was used with Neil like I was with Elvis, which leads me to believe that Neil is also programmed.

Neil played the piano and sang to practice while wearing sweatpants and no shirt. He also had a room where the whole entire wall was mirrored. He stood and looked into the mirror and sang to himself to rehearse. In some ways he reminded me of Elvis.

I was never allowed to interrupt while he was playing. But when he was through, he had me do everything for him, including a massage or sex, manicure and pedicure - even if he'd just had one somewhere else. He could never get enough touching and attention. I had a whole grouping of personalities located beneath 'tiger sex programming,' seven in all, devoted to him and he would say, "I have seven so I can get to heaven and you darlin' take me to heaven." Neil programmed in, "Wine will take you to the place of love." He had a room with fountains, Buddhas, and ferns where he meditated. His place of "perfect peace," he called it. He created devotion in the personalities within me by programming into me the love and goodness of Jesus, His pure love, all into my heart chakra so that the feelings of devotion would be directed toward him.

Pornography was often filmed at his estate. Bob sent people from his parties that were sexually wild to Neil's for filming in pornography. It didn't matter if they were only children. Neil's porn business was so large that it kept a large number of Malibu, Pacific Palisades, Ventura, Calabasas, and Agoura Hills slaves very busy. Whole programmed families were used. 'Sex with families' videos were popular in the 80's among a certain group and Neil seemed totally fascinated, watching families together. He loved bodies. He said he was a connoisseur of the human body as an art form. That's why he said he liked to film the most beautiful act on earth, the love act, when people were as intimate as they could

get. He said that children should be allowed to openly enjoy the<sup>193</sup> pleasures of sex. He asked, "Why should they have to wait to enjoy these natural pleasures?" I couldn't think to answer. He liked to see their physical characteristics and he liked to watch them, as he called it, "make love, family-style." Other times when he was in a different sort of mood, he would refer to the pornography as, "getting it on, family-style."

Unfortunately and sorrowfully, I remembered being programmed to drive children to Neil's. Once we arrived I walked into the house like I owned it. I knew where the hidden key was and ushered everyone in and got them settled. The rule at Neil's house in the hills was that you had to check your clothes and shoes at the door. None were allowed, or else you couldn't enter, "the Sanctuary," as he called it. Neil often came out in his black silk robe and black slippers to meet his, "guests," he called them. He looked them over and if they were particularly appealing to him, he would want to have sex with one or more after the filming. Neil was what Henry Kissinger called "versatile," which meant he liked sex with everything. I will spare you the details but he relieved himself sexually, often, as he felt it made him powerful and continually virile. That was very important to him. Neil said he loved the beauty and amount of innocence that was present when a group of blonde neighborhood children were together. They were filmed often. Neil also filmed bestiality porn. He gave the kids cocaine and filmed it in the house or somewhere on the grounds. Sometimes the 4-H kids brought their animals, and they filmed the kids having sex with each other and the animals. We were all just viewed as worker bees and mindlessly did whatever we were told.

When we left to go home, I once again entered a programmed mind state, by traveling "The Highway to Heaven," which I was told was Kanan Road. I was given the hypnotic command to "remember to forget," whenever I saw many signs and signals along the canyon roads, in their attempt to keep memory of these events hidden from my conscious mind.

At other times, if I arrived before Neil, I was told to wait and so I sat down on his white sofa.

Obediently, I waited, looking straight ahead or out the window to the distant view. Then I heard the chopper and on one occasion he came walking into the house wearing a tan suit and sunglasses. One time he even wore those guru sandals with his suit. Then I helped him relax and he would say

programmed phrases to me like, "Honey, you're ageless, timeless<sup>195</sup>, and all mine baby, all mine. You are my pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. All mine, devoted only to me." I got him anything he wanted or needed no matter what it was, and I was programmed to love doing it.

Some nights I was assigned to go to parties with him where we'd, "hob knob with the rich and famous," he'd say, as he held out his arm for me to hold onto. We didn't stay too long at parties because he would want to have a private party for two at home. Some evenings we were helicoptered to his home in the hills. He wanted and demanded my full attention. He never wanted to enter the reality that I had my own boyfriend or husband. He wanted me to think of him as my man, my only man. But, he had sex with lots of people in front of me. He always wanted me to stay right in the room during the filming of porn as well as later when he had sex with whoever was filmed. He would flip out and act like an emotionally temperamental boy at times. Regardless of his actions, I was programmed to be totally devoted and I catered to his demands exclusively.

Neil Diamond was a Council "treasure" and they kept him well taken care of. I attended concerts of his to shore him up when he said he wanted and needed me to be there. I got up from my ticketed seat next to my young husband and told him I was going to the restroom during the intermission. Instead I slid backstage with Neil, who was all sweaty, shaking and needing to share the powerful high he was on. He said that all the energy people focused onto him was totally overwhelming him and he said he needed me to ground him out so he could go back on stage. That meant sex and then, as programmed, I told him I loved him and that he was the very best and to go out and give them all that he had. I told him if he gave all of himself to the audience who loved him, that they would shower it all back to him. He was always afraid that when he gave so much at performances that he would become depleted but I helped him reframe that belief, so he went

back out empowered, not consumed. Then he would snort a couple<sup>196</sup> of lines of cocaine and go back out to the screaming fans, and I returned to my seat next to Craig.

Craig and I attended another of his concerts at the Universal Amphitheater. Neil told me to drink a champagne cocktail, which at times was against the rules, but for the night he was my master. He said



he wanted me to catch up to him (he was on a drug high), but even after I'd had a drink I always came into focus for Neil and was instructed to mirror back to him what my controllers wanted him to be, do, say and feel. Lots of the words to his songs were program lock-ins for me ...like Starlight, Starflight, and Turn on Your Heartlight (ET). I was programmed to listen to his music to keep my programming and memories locked away from my conscious mind.

Neil used to say he was singing to me while he was on stage. That was pretty powerful for me to contain, while I sat next to my husband during the concert. In my conscious awareness I had no idea I was doing anything other than attending Neil's concert; but even as I sat in a conscious state of unawareness, the underlying feelings were powerful as I held my connection to Neil. We had an agreement that he would sing it all to me, send everything he had to me, and I would say, "And I will be here collecting all of you and I will bring it back to you filled with more love and more caring than you could ever imagine!" That made him smile. Then at intermission or after the concert, I'd go and give it all back to him to fill him back up. He pretended like he was taking it and then he dressed and went out with other people. Neil was hustled into a limo and was gone, and so were those parts of me that were programmed to go to sleep inside of me until they saw Neil again. Then Craig would come and take me home.

I also attended his Hot August Nights concert at the Greek Theatre in 1972.

Neil said he liked to be showered with love, and in response I was always soft and nurturing and loving with him. I catered to him exclusively while I was with him. He loved to trace his finger around my belly button to bring out "Jeanie."

I was still having sex and caring for Neil, even while I was in therapy in 1988. I went to therapy in Westwood and then swung home, down Pacific Coast Highway to meet Neil somewhere or at his home, have sex, and then I'd drive back to Agoura to my home,

with "fresh fish" I bought for my family at the Malibu Fish Store. Bob<sup>198</sup> laughed when he said it would be a good cover. Bob saw the world through a completely sexual orientation.

Stars had trouble getting "secured" sex with people. They couldn't trust that people weren't coming on to them to manipulate or hurt them, and since they were famous they couldn't risk losing their public reputation. So, slaves were provided to them. And Bob provided me to everyone he could, knowing the value of connections to powerful people. He laughed and said, "It's all right, she's broadening herself."

Word seemed to spread like wildfire to stars about the sex slave service. They loved it just like the politicians did, since they thought they could let their hair down and not have to worry because many were told I was a robot that couldn't ever divulge their secrets. With individuals not privy to the top- secret mind control information, Bob explained, "She's beautiful and highly sexual, but she's mentally slow and can't think. She doesn't have the ability to remember. She's been like this since birth, but...", Bob elucidated, "...what she lacks upstairs she greatly makes up for downstairs," and he'd smile slyly, "if you know what I mean."

Many people never knew that I was a robot, under total mind control. They just thought I was slow or deaf and dumb. That was another tactic Bob used. He had different explanations for different people, but for Neil Diamond, personalities were created within me who talked, listened, loved and cared for Neil.

Bob often called other men, "Son." I overheard him say, "Listen son, she'll please you and ease you and not spill the beans. She can't think to! But that won't hurt, it will only enhance your pleasure. Try it and see. I think you'll like it!" Bob maximized my usage by sending me to many, many stars and politicians over the years. He sent me to Quincy Jones, Burt Reynolds, Eddie Murphy, and others. Many of them didn't want to risk too much exposure with strangers for various and sundry reasons; they didn't

want to become too attached emotionally, didn't want to risk the security of knowing someone too long where a person could find out too much and hurt them in different ways, or there were other reasons unique to individual celebrities.

## Mickey Rooney

In yesteryears, I was taken to show openings or galas in Hollywood, because Mickey would want me to be there, usually disguised. Later on after I had children, my daughter Kelly would be waiting inside the limo to give him oral sex. Mickey wanted me there to watch. Mickey always liked to have tons of women, as many as he could amass, flanked by his side. I overheard him say to Bob that it was good for his image. Bob replied, "Anytime it can be arranged for you to use any of my girls, I'd be delighted."

And that was arranged, over and over again. Bob made sure Kelly was trained in many of the same ways he trained me. We went to the Playboy Club for Kelly to have bunny lessons. I was dressed in a long black velvet gown with diamonds and Kelly had on a long red velvet gown with her hair done up and make-up. She was around 10 years old. All this to insure Bob's 'little filly' was prepared for use with whomever he decided to share her with. There were times Mickey Rooney would rendezvous with my family at a small exclusive restaurant in Agoura Hills. When the cues were given, Kelly would get up to go to the restroom and Mickey Rooney took over, later sexually pleasuring himself with our beautiful little daughter. He had a house near the area. I am not sure where exactly, but his house had a solarium with an indoor pool and he liked to have a lot of naked women around the pool. He was absolutely disgusting, but he really liked Kelly a lot.

## Jane Fonda

I believe Jane Fonda was under programming, also. She was part of the experiment on how to achieve "eternal youth," while participating to further the cause in behind-the-scenes political

arenas. I occasionally passed Council messages to her at her<sup>200</sup> Beverly Hills Fitness Center. They had a control group within the project to see if women would stay youthful and cease to age with just mind programming, or if exercise needed to be combined with the programming. They had a control group participating like Jane with the same eternal youth program, yet not exercising extensively to see which method prolonged longevity. In case you are interested, they found exercise to be a necessary component for successful anti-aging.

James Taylor

My husband took me to James' concerts; we went often when he was in town. During one concert I had two glasses of wine. My instructions were that after I drank them I was to go to the restroom and then go to the backstage door, and knock two times. When the door opened, I said, "Bob Hope sent me. Anybody interested? Anybody want any body?"

"Hell yes!" a man in a casual shirt said, pulling me in the door. "James will need a little at the break. A little pick-me-upper for his pecker. You just sit down here little lady and get yourself HOT. No," he laughed, "cool your wheels or is that heels? Just relax your c--t until it's time for the hunt. James is almost finished with the set." He pretended he was yelling to James in a high voice, "James, she's here, the one you hold near and dear, the c--t from Bob the Boss man." Then he looked over to me and said, "Just a few moments and you'll be on the Highway to Heaven with James ...little Jimmy."

James stumbled off stage all sweaty and took my hand. I was feeling shy and he said, "Follow me on the Highway to Heaven. You are in for the ride of the night, as you ride my jewel to heaven. It will be out of this world, otherworldly, outta' sight!" He took me into a room and laid me on a couch chair and said, "Look into the air, don't beware, your chicken is cookin,' you're good lookin,' but aren't aware." He pushed my head over to the side real hard and

continued, "Show me your wares." So I took off my

clothes and dropped them to the floor. He told me to sit and spread 'em so I did and he dropped his loose fitting off white cotton trousers on the floor. While he held tightly to the back of my head, he relieved himself in my mouth. "Oh, oh," he screamed, "that was goooooood. Swallow that please and then you can be excused." He swished on by, kind of dancy like and said, "That oughtta' propel me into the second half with gusto!"

He walked out, closed the door and I sat there like a robot until another guy came in and raped me on the couch. He said, "James saved your c--t for me this time." He stood over me and when he orgasmed he screamed, "I feel like a cock-a-doodle-do!" he said crowing like a rooster. When he was through with me he said, "Okay, its clothes time!" then he delivered a hypnotic hand command. I got up and pulled my clothes on and he led me out to the side door where Craig was standing at the door waiting for me. Craig took me by the hand, and I felt like a little girl going back to my seat where I sat robotically until the concert was finished.

Over the years I was programmed to listen repeatedly to James Taylor's songs while some of the word phrases "re-minded" me to, "...leave your mind behind, Mexico..." and "...you can run but you cannot hide, this is widely known ...."

## Barbra Streisand

Barbra Streisand was used in the same way as other Hollywood celebrities before and after her. Through my personal experience with Barbra Streisand, I believe she is under the control of many of the same persons I was. She was pre-programmed to deliver messages she couldn't even have known she was passing on to millions of people. She sang her songs and was given carefully selected, pre-chosen words that would serve to lock in or open up certain programming in other mind control victims.

My own programming was laced with many of her songs. Victims of mind control hear the lyrics of a song and take the

phrases that match their programming literally. The words they hear tie into subconscious memory of past traumatic experiences intended to keep them helplessly and hopelessly under mind control. Barbra sang a song entitled My Pa which I was told represented my feelings toward my father and the words were powerfully connected to my emotional state, creating a feeling of love and safety with my father, when in fact he was torturing me endlessly, nearly every day. The lyrics stated, "My pa can light my room at night with just his being there, and make a fearful dream all right by grinning ear to ear..." etc.

Her song, "I'm in a New York State of mind, " was tied to programming to orient me to events and people I was used with in New York in order to keep that reality separate from my conscious mind. Many of the lyrics from her song Memories, served as a hypnotic command to my subconscious mind, in order to 're-mind' me that, "Memories may be beautiful and yet what's too painful to remember, we simply choose to forget." Another of her songs, Send in the Clowns, reminded me and can remind other survivors of the abuse they endured as children in circus or amusement park settings where clowns were used as perpetrators. And, then there's her rendition of Over the Rainbow, which taps into Wizard of Oz programming themes.

As a teenager my cassette tapes and, as I grew older, my CD's of Barbra's songs, were well worn from endless listening, as the lyrics to her songs, coupled with my already intact program commands, continued to create my reality, whatever my controllers wanted it to be. Up until recently, my mother repeatedly listened to Barbra Steisand's songs. As a child I often had trouble getting my mother's attention because when she listened to the songs she became so fixated on the music that she was very far off somewhere in a programmed reality created by our controllers. She seemed very happy, almost euphoric. I've witnessed other survivors cling desperately to their Walkman delivering their programmed commands, while I'm trying to talk with them, due to their attempt to, as they've experienced, keep themselves "safe" by reinforcing their program "to forget."

When Barbra performed, which was rare, she was delivering a perfectly planned and orchestrated set of cryptic instructions to many of the people in attendance. She reached a wider audience, as mind- controlled victims bought the cassette tape or video of the performance and listened to it over and over and over again. Certain groups of mind-controlled people, like my mother and myself, were targeted for listening to her. Per program, we listened to her songs addictively and compulsively while following the command to reprogram ourselves by locking down the security of our own programming. Of course, Barbra herself is a victim and, from my observation, I am sure has no awareness that she is doing anything other than performing.

Barbra Streisand has extremely large breasts for her small body size. I've seen her naked at Bob Hope's parties and at other places. I was even involved in group sexual orgies where she was participating. And at other times, I was targeted to have sex with her one-on-one in order to deliver messages to her to keep her programming going or to instruct her on what to say at certain times. She is a mind-controlled robot. She did lots of cocaine at parties. She liked sex with women, and usually requested it. I was sent to her often.

My husband frequently took me out for dinner in Malibu when there was an alternate agenda to be accomplished. One night after such a dinner he drove me up a canyon road in his Datsun 280Z. He stopped along the road and we sat in the dark without saying anything until a black sedan pulled up next to the car. I got out and climbed into the back seat of the sedan. Two men in the front seat were dressed in dark expensive suits and the man in the passenger side had a gold pinky ring. They continued up a winding road to a house in the canyon and when we arrived they opened the door of the house with a key and went in. Barbra Streisand was robotically sitting on the couch and I was told to sit down next to her and link up by holding her hands. So I took her hands and then the man



said, "Deliver the words." So I did. After I delivered the message, they used the stun gun on us both. Barbra laid face down on the couch, really out of it, with her hand hanging down over the side. Her face was very pale and she looked asleep. The man took me by the arm and pushed me toward the door and we left. Craig, still waiting in the Z, flashed his headlights and they stopped the sedan, transferred me back to my husband and we went home.

In September of 1986, Barbra sent out invitations to a special fundraising concert to be given at her home 'under the stars,' in Malibu. My husband received our invitation at his dental office and said we should go, but I remember saying to him, "It's \$5,000 a ticket, what are you thinking of?" I was in school as well as therapy by this time, and spending \$10,000 was a huge chunk out of the resources that I needed to spend on my healing and education. I was more interested in my recovery than one night of Barbra Streisand in concert.

My husband replied, "Well, it would be a great memory." Prior to this episode, Craig had never displayed any special attraction to Barbra Streisand or her music.

Later when she and I were both switched into a "programmed state of mind," she told me she was upset that I didn't buy a ticket to come to see her in concert at her home. Ironically, I ended up being at her concert in Malibu anyway to have sex with and target some military guy with a bunch of stars on his uniform and later after the concert, Barbra. I was incognito and wore my lace off-the-shoulder dress that I had previously worn for our family portraits. It was a \$400 dress my husband bought me. I had to be at different places afterwards to help her relax and unwind, which usually ended up in sex. I had been instructed to say specific words to relax her. A therapist was there at other times to help.

When they could sell a certain number of very expensive tickets to her concert in the area of her home, they proved the results of a mind control project experiment to see if that targeted area was sufficiently under mind control. Checkmate!

When it sold out they felt they had won because they sent the<sup>206</sup> invitations to people that would be the hardest to control (the most challenging) and when it sold out they knew they had "cracked the code." Their victory was only temporary. As I now know, they were

mistaken, for, I believe The City of Angels (Los Angeles) is spiritually destined to wake up to claim its name to fame!

No one could tell there had even been a mind control experiment that concluded with Barbara's Malibu performance. This was one way the controllers made large sums of money, all carefully concealed in such "charity fundraisers," which were then meticulously funneled into covert accounts. And, they further locked victims in, not only with the concert but with the video that was made of the concert. During her Malibu, One Voice performance, Barbra delivered one program-laced song lyric after another. First she sang "Send In the Clowns." Then she announced that in her research she came across one of the finest songs ever written, and the lyrics felt so relevant she decided to sing it and dedicated it to the woman who first sang it. That song was Over the Rainbow, and encompasses these lyrics:

"When all the world is a hopeless jumble and the raindrops tumble all around, heaven opens a magic lane. When all the clouds darken up the skyway, there's a rainbow highway to be found, leading from your windowpane to a place behind the sun, just a step beyond the rain. Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high, there's a land that I've heard of once in a lullaby. Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue. And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true. Someday I'll wish upon a star and wake up where the clouds are far behind me. Where troubles melt like lemon drops way above the chimney-tops, that's where you'll find me. Somewhere over the rainbow, bluebirds fly. Birds fly over the rainbow, why then, oh, why can't I. If all those little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow, why oh why, can't I?"

To further explain the significance of these word

phrases for mind control victims: "...heaven opens a magic lane," was for me a hypnotic induction for mind control.

"...there's a rainbow highway to be found, leading from your windowpane to a place behind the sun, just a step beyond..." for me was a program command to switch to the Highway to Heaven, which was a dissociative state in which I went over the rainbow to a subconscious place in my mind where I was commanded not to associate what happened there with my everyday, conscious reality.

In Barbra's duet with Andy Gibb, they sang the song Guilty and the words that powerfully affected me and could effect other ritual abuse/mind control survivors are:

Gibb quickly enters the stage from behind singing, "there's danger in the dark," which for me was a subconscious reminder of trauma that occurs in the dark. Over the years, the word 'dark' was linked in my subconscious mind to ritual terrors and horrors, a reminder that commanded me to remember to forget, or else.

Further lyrics were:

"...Shadows fallin' baby, we stand alone..." - victims are often told they will be left to stand all alone, that no one outside 'the network' will believe or help them, or even want to be around them.

"...Nothing to be guilty for..." - a release for the endless ways many are forced to participate in the evil deeds, puppeted and dictated by our controllers.

"...Eyes can see, that we got a highway to the sky..." - victims are told they are always watched, by the 'eye in the sky' and in other ways by their controllers. Eyes are often a common theme in the art/journal work of victims in recovery. These three small words, "eyes can see..." have powerful meaning, sneaking through a subconscious doorway into the mind of a victim of mind control in order to remind them to watch carefully that they stay in line.

"...that we got a highway to the sky..." - can be a hypnotic induction to dissociate in order to receive program.

"...how can I win? Where will The tomorrow?" -words of despair, defeat.

The powerful ending to the duet is: "and we got nothing ...and we got nothing, and we got nothing..." Let me tell you Barry and Barbra, and all of the other beautiful people locked under the bondage of mind control: that is a lie, a lie our controllers told all of us. The truth is that we have everything. We are rich, starting with our spiritual heritage. The One that created us is powerfully working within to set you free from those who for years have benefited, by allowing you to soar, sharing your talents with others as they controlled and manipulated you for their own benefit, through mind control - through the control of your mind and mine. I wasn't famous, so when I broke free I wasn't as large a threat as you are and will be. I was small potatoes to my controllers. But to God I was important, as all His children are, and He has commissioned me to dedicate my life to seeing to it that you, some of the most talented human beings on this planet, are freed. This is His wish because He has assured me that you have at the center of your being, love, and that when you can know the magnitude of issues we face at this time, that you will stand and reach your hand down to your fellow brothers and sisters, to help them. At this time I am lending my hand, via Him, to you in hopes that some of you may be freed in order to reach your hands out to the masses. It is our last hope and we are running out of time. God has placed a great magnitude of love in my heart for you and my children, and I love all of you more than life itself, because indeed in sharing this information it would seem that I am putting my life at risk. But the Master Himself has assured me safe passage, as I go for help for all of you. And this manuscript is my attempt to "go for help," for you. I also am aware that those of you who are programmed will not be able, like oil reacting to water, to read or comprehend what I have written. But I hope others will intercede for you in order that you can be delivered from the bondage you have been held captive by. I love you, as individuals and for the beautiful heavenly creative talents you possess, but not as immensely as God does. He wants your freedom, He wants your release and He won't rest until you are all

free of this evil force, one that at this time you are unable to be aware of.

As the concert proceeded, Barbra said, "I am going to light this candle in memory of all those wise and good men whose lives were senselessly and violently snuffed out before their time: Lincoln, Ghandi, Martin Luther King, John Kennedy, Anwar Sadat, Olaf Palmer, men of peace and vision, voices the world so desperately needs now - father figures. I think we've all lost someone whose guidance and wisdom we miss in times of fear and confusion, and this is for them." After which she sang: "May the light of this flickering candle, illuminate the night the way your spirit illuminates my soul." Sounds to me like bits and pieces of reminders of people I watched killed over the years.

Next in her backyard concert, Barbra sang Pa Pa, where the lyrics say, "Pa Pa can you hear me? ...Looking at the skies I seem to see a million eyes which ones are yours?" Again, there is the "eyes watching you" theme.

Next was, of course, Memories, with the lyrics reminding our subconscious minds: "Memories like the corners of my mind, misty water-colored memories like the way we were. Scattered pictures of the smiles we left behind, smiles we gave to one another for the way we were. Can it be that it was all so simple then or has time rewritten every line, if we had the chance to do it all again, tell me would we, could we? Memories may be beautiful and yet, what's too painful to remember we simply choose to forget. For it's the laughter we remember, whenever we remember the way we were."

At the end of her concert, in a patriotic quest, Barbra sang America the Beautiful and invited the audience to join with her in song.

During those years, (although at the time I was consciously unaware of my involvement) her therapist and I were often in charge of keeping Barbra stable and balanced. The therapist worked with her psychological state and I worked on her body, doing massage therapy, accupressure, polarity therapy, etc. All

this was done to keep Barbra in shape and in line. She was<sup>212</sup> fragile and needed a lot to keep her going.

I was called in often to shore Barbra up, especially in between times when she was out of relationship or having problems with her male friends. Later in her career, she had trouble even having sex with men. When she was alone, she would get scared at night and need someone. As programmed,



I'd go over after my children were taken care of or when our maid was there, at which time I was free to go at anytime. I held Barbra and did whatever she seemed to need to get her stabilized.

We walked on the beach a lot, especially after she bought the home away from the Colony nest (the grouping of homes she owned) and people that knew her. She bought a place just a few blocks down the street. It was very clever because if people thought they saw her on the beach, they could assume she was at home, but then she'd disappear into the anonymous home that was purchased in another name to give her the privacy she needed. Then her therapist and I could go to her there unnoticed. She wanted privacy even from her maids, and would arrange for her therapist and I to be with her. If she didn't call on the car phone and tell me, she would walk to the new house and call me from her bedroom. I was instructed to go to the front gate and from a call box tell the maid a coded message to give to her. Barbra usually gave the maid the rest of the day off, explaining she was going to be with friends. Then after the therapist and myself arrived, we would take her to "the house-house," as she called it. One night we were called out for a 'Barbra emergency' and when her therapist and I arrived we found Barbra in the closet upstairs at the 'house-house,' even before it was carpeted. She couldn't wait. She was all huddled into a little ball and crying with her hair all stringy and hanging in her face. She looked like a little frightened child. She was breaking down often and her controllers couldn't afford for her to break up yet. She was a real mess. She just survived to do what they needed her to do. She sat in my lap and I nurtured her and she showed me her dolls and things. I massaged her and did reflexology, accupressure, polarity, whatever I could do to help her. I did body treatments on her often, usually more than once a week - up to five times a week - and it usually ended up in sex as she initiated it.

Barbra had to be kept together because she had been used to

make the connections to some very important people, and<sup>214</sup> especially to the masses. Because she had been so heavily invested in, as a mind control asset, they now had to keep her "maintained" 24 hours a day at times and had to use other slaves to shore her up. Unlike a "normal" person, she could never talk about what she saw and remembered in private (during sleep or upon awakening) without being monitored. Whatever it took or cost was worth it to her controllers because they built her up to a certain targeted audience so completely that her controllers paid exorbitant amounts of money to keep her together, and her fans would pay any amount to see her. Many may themselves be under mind control.

They carefully prepared Barbra to harmonically control crowds. She did, not only with the natural talent she has and the trained harmonics in her voice, but also with the hand signals and word combinations she sang. She is a total robot and is breaking down, but they will spend a fortune to keep her together (like poor Elvis) until she just can't function anymore.

So no expense was spared for her. We organized little tea parties for Barbra based on different themes given to us by my professor in the Master's program. We'd buy items that were just made for Barbra. I would stop at Michael's Party Shop and give them the list of items and the sales people would gather it all up for me. Then I'd go to Barbra, switched to the personality inside of me who was created to be older than me and older than Barbra, the one who was designed to care for the "Big B," the "Queen B," when she needed it. She was our friend. We hated to see her crumble.

Sometimes the Council gave me different drugs for Barbra. She always got to choose one, but I think they all must have done the same thing, just packaged in different wrappers or capsules. As soon as she would pass out, and that is what she always did, a group of men would come into the house with equipment to work on her. Sometimes it looked like her body came off the couch from

the electroshock. It was awful to watch. Then when they took the<sup>215</sup>  
equipment off of her body, it would be cold and clammy, yet she  
would have a band of sweat on her face. It was my job, or her  
therapist's, to get her back on her feet again. Sometimes she  
would sleep for days afterward. Then I heard them say they had to  
adjust her, that is, give her more "sessions." When she came  
around we would be soft and kind and gentle to her and

eventually she would come out of it. A friend of her therapist helped Barbra, too, on nights she couldn't. It became increasingly difficult to manage getting her put back together. It was a team effort.

I gave her injections, also. I was taught to pinch the skin on the top fatty portion of her arm, then stick the needle in it so I couldn't hurt anything. I was given a syringe to deliver drugs to arms or thighs when and if the need arose, which later became quite often. I had to give Barbra the injections whenever they told me to; otherwise they would have killed us both. I'd seen them do it to others.

Barbra liked for me to sing with her and harmonize. She said it made her feel happy like the good ole' days when she was young. She had on pink bell bottoms and a white tank top. She was really out there, stoned, drunk, or drugged out of her mind.

The massage idea helped keep a slave enslaved and contained because the accupressure points often matched up correctly with programmed touch spots. It worked well. Bodywork eased the stress of the body while locking the mind in program - a great leisurely and heavenly containment idea to further imprison mind control slaves. With rich and famous slaves they said it was easy because they could send them off on endless journeys, trips, workshops, special spas, expos, etc., because these slaves had the money to pursue different avenues that often led them directly back into containment. The Colony is not far from Point Mugu Naval Base (a mind control programming center) and seems to have been in conveniently close proximity for reconditioning purposes. More on Point Mugu later.

They also programmed us to "psychically" deliver messages or directions for slaves to follow, since we all had the belief in psychic gifts, etc. and were so suggestible. To some celebrities (most of them women), while giving them a massage, I would touch

certain 'points' on their body while dropping a psychic prediction<sup>201</sup> and they would think I was really gifted when in a few days, my prediction would come true. The higher the level of the slave, the more the controllers were willing to invest financially to make the predicted experience "come to pass." Someone of Streisand's stature and programmed investment was worth a "prediction come true episode" that had class and dignity. This is not to say that I don't believe in psychic reality, because I do, but these psychic realities were created and controlled, by those who sought to create circumstances that were making them lots of money.

I was used with Streisand most often in 1985-1987, during the time I attended Pepperdine University in Malibu. Before 1985, I was sent to her when she needed me in the evenings in Malibu. Craig often drove me out to dinner to accomplish these rendezvous, but after I started at Pepperdine, I would tell him that I had to go back to the campus to study. I often parked in the Pepperdine Library parking lot where I was picked up by the men in suits and dropped off at Barbra's house. This way they had different cars going in and out. Lots of times I was told to go to her during daytime hours. I had a high level of fear that was present with me most all the time, only I was so scared and programmed that I was unable to think about it with my mind. But my pain-filled, often weary and exhausted body told the truth of my experiences.

Barbra switched personalities a lot. I think that might be why she was afraid to perform on stage. Those with 'the eyes to see and the ears to hear' might have greater insight in regard to an article written about her in the July 1994 issue of Ladies Home Journal. In it, when asked about her string of unhappy relationships and her inability to have long-lasting relationships, in her own words Barbra states, "I live with a lot of angst," and "I'm a mass of contradictions. I change and I grow. I change my mind all the time. So tell (whatever) man I'm looking for that if he likes to have affairs with lots of women, then I'm perfect for him!" Could she be referring to first-hand experience with Multiple Personality

## Disorder?

When she did perform, such as the concert she gave at her home in Malibu, she had to have someone like me to focus on internally, someone who was part of her programmed reality so she could feel stronger. To accomplish this she was programmed to pretend that myself or someone else was

standing next to her on stage so it would shore her up to do the performance. Then she performed, just like she was programmed to do, delivering her controller's strategy to the unsuspecting and perhaps partially programmed crowd.

I once overheard Henry say that he would give the public what they wanted and demanded celebrities and fanfare - since that was all they were capable of understanding anyway. He said most of the private sector were totally ignorant of governmental matters and that, since they didn't avail themselves to knowledge of the way their country was run, it was evident that they really wanted and needed for "those in the know" to take charge and run things. He said that since he and other leaders were interested and capable, they would do the job, making the decisions and seeing to it that things ran smoothly.

Hollywood celebrities are constantly tied back into the White House to add flair and drama, and to bring in covert funds, but most importantly to add diversion to keep the American public focused in whatever direction the controllers want, instead of having the public focused on what is really going on behind the scenes.

One time when I was shoring up Barbra at her home, I found her huddled down, crouching, wringing her hands, terrified. She looked up at me in a childlike manner and said, "I don't have to sing tonight, do I?"

I said, "No, honey, not tonight."

She replied in a childlike voice, "Phew..."

I felt frightened to see her acting like a child when she switched to very young parts of herself, and didn't know what to expect when she said, "Let's play with the clay again." She had a table where we sat to play with clay. It looked like a child's table for adult size people. She switched personalities often then, so we would have tea parties and play games to entertain her child personalities.

Her son also played different games with her. One time she

dressed like a clown and was acting and kicking like doing karate and she yelled out, "Hey Jason!" and he came running and jumped into bed with her and started cuddling. Then they both went to sleep and, as instructed, I could then leave. Sometimes she wanted her therapist to join them and would say, "Come and see how fun Jas is." And, one of us would. We were all unable, incapable, and not of our own mind to choose anything else. Usually we cleaned up the mess she had made playing and then afterwards, would cover her up, tiptoe out of her room and leave.

I flew from Kauai, after I had these memories about Barbra, in order to meet with one of my therapists. She met me at a restaurant in Los Angeles and as I told her about the memories I had about Barbra Streisand the color drained from her face. Later, I understood her intense reaction, as I became aware that Barbra was her client. That day we both sat in shock and silence. I knew then that, although my therapist and I did not understand what everything meant, the love that we both believed in and the Holy Spirit that led us was ever-present. And not knowing what else to do, all I know is that the love and compassion I have for Barbra Streisand and all victims of mind control demands that I now share this information. I told Barbra's therapist everything I knew at that time, so she could attempt to help Barbra. Since I was no longer in California and easily accessible, I stopped being the one used to keep Barbra Streisand under program. I am glad for that.

Elton John

Elton John's, "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road, " with its obvious potential to trigger those with Oz programming, called my attention. Elton wrote Candle in the Wind, in regard to Marilyn Monroe, and he later produced a version in honor of Princess Di. He sings, "...you crawled out of the woodwork and they whispered into your brain, they set you on the treadmill and they made you change your name." He continues, "...Hollywood created a superstar and pain was the price you paid. Even when you died, oh the press still hounded you, all the papers had to say was Marilyn was found in



the nude..." and, "...the

candle burned out long before your legend ever did." In Someone Saved My Life Tonight Elton sings "...sitting like a princess perched in her electric chair." "...You nearly had me roped and tied, alter-bound, hypnotized, Sweet Freedom whispered in my ear, "You're a butterfly, and butterflies are free to fly, fly away, high away, bye, bye." Perhaps Elton knows personally about these Project Monarch, mind control issues and in his own way, through his songs, has attempted to help others to freedom. I know that his songs personally affected me deeply and I felt that he might have 'understood.' So much so, that I attended one of his 1996 concerts at the St. Louis Riverport Amphitheatre and sent one of my books, STARSHINE: One Woman's Valiant Escape From Mind Control, backstage to him. However, I suspect that the stagehand that took the sparkling package from me never delivered it to Elton, since I never received his response.

## We Are the World

Writing this chapter also brings to mind the video done in the 80's by a group of famous actors, actresses, and singers, who met in Hollywood with the special purpose of recording WE ARE THE WORLD. An urgent common concern brought these entertainers, normally competitive with one other, together and they set aside their differences to serve a higher purpose; bringing in funds for starving children in Africa. The line they sang, "We're saving our own lives," may be truer for some of these individuals than they can 'think' about due to the mind control some of them may be under.

This information I have provided to you may change the way you look at many of Hollywood's finest celebrities, many of whom myself and others have witnessed being victimized at the hands of the ruthless people who control others for reasons of power, money and domination, with the end result serving their agenda - the New World Order. I beg for you to question and look into these issues I bring before you, because the lives of many that are as yet in

bondage rely on it.

If we truly serve others as we have been spiritually called to do, and understand that what we do for others we do for ourselves and ultimately for God, then we must join together to stop this control of the minds of some of our most talented and creative people. Together, we can help create a world that is safe and free, where creative and talented children are safe to grow up without the fear of being owned or manipulated by the hidden group of individuals who now are in power on our planet - a group who does not believe in freedom, but instead is invested in totalitarianism, torture, mind control and human slavery. Please help me expose and stop this insane form of abuse and hidden slavery and set the captives free!

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord has anointed me to bring good tidings to the afflicted; he has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those who are bound." -- Isaiah 61:1